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Vol. CLXXIV. No. 2266

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November 29, 1944

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Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price:

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Harlip

Engaged To Be Married: The Hon. Audrey Paget

An interesting Anglo-French engagement recently announced is that of the Hon. Audrey Elizabeth Paget, daughter of Lord Queenborough, of Camfield Place, Hatfield, Hertfordshire, and of the late Edith Lady Queenborough, to Commandant Christian Martell, Croix de Guerre, D.F.C., of the French Air Force. Miss Paget was serving in the M.T.C. at the time this photograph was taken, but later she transferred to the W.A.A.F., in which she was engaged on special duties. She is half-sister to the Hon. Lady Baillie and the Hon. Dorothy Paget, and has two sisters younger than herself



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Review

THE opening of the new session of Parliament provides an opportunity for ministers, including Mr. Churchill, to review the war situation and the problems and possibilities of the post-war period in Europe. The war is not over yet, but by general consent this is to be the last session of this long Parliament, which has broken the record set in the last war. If the General Election does not occur until next autumn, this Parliament will have lasted for ten years. When, in 1918, Mr. David Lloyd George organized a coupon election, the Parliament was then only eight years old. Mr. Churchill is definitely opposed to any kind of a coupon election. The parties represented in Parliament are to fight separately at the hustings.

Harmony

WITH victory in Europe supposedly somewhere round the corner, there is now a lot of speculation about the battle at the polls. Few can guess the result, nor should anybody really try. Anything can happen when those of the parties who have worked together so harmoniously as ministers, or supporters of the Government, are parted and are free to make their own claims as politicians. New issues, new schemes and new hopes will be roused when, with the new year, the election organizers get busy. New leaders may appear to challenge the old. Who can tell? I am not suggesting Mr. Churchill's impending retirement. As his colleagues in the Government see the division approaching they realize, regardless of party, what his leadership has meant to this country and to them personally in this war. It can, so far, be described as the most successful of any modern coalition. The rifts have been fewer and the joint efforts have been greater. It is true, of course, that some awkward political problems have been

carefully kept well back in the shadows of Downing Street. Soon some of them will see the light. But rightly, in my opinion and that of most people, Mr. Churchill has insisted and always practised the principle that the first and only priority with which he was concerned was victory.

Plans

IT seems that agreement has been lately reached among the leaders concerned that the Government, as now constituted, should break up some time in the spring, the Labour Ministers going into opposition and the Conservatives forming a new, but temporary, administration under Mr. Churchill. The object of this plan is to restore the principle of two-party government, which has been in abeyance for the war years. It does not mean, as far as I can judge, that we are going to have two-party government. It appears to me that no sooner will the parting have occurred than those concerned will be thinking and talking about a new coalition. Indeed, some of them are talking about it now. They recognize that the problems of the future are going to be too big for a single party to handle. They are national problems, demanding national effort; an effort equal to that which we have made towards winning this war. Some of the problems, including the re-establishment of an adequate and prosperous export trade, will require just as much effort, foresight, and planning as the war.

Loyalty

IT is always difficult to assert that Mr. Churchill is a good party-man, or that he is not a man of any party. But he happens to be the Chairman of the Conservative Party, and for this reason he must do his utmost to see that the Conservatives are returned to power. I am certain that he will hate parting with

those who have sat with him round the Cabinet table and wrestled at all hours of the day and night—more often at night—with some of the gravest problems which have ever threatened this country in all its history. Mr. Churchill is an historian as much as he is a statesman and politician; and he has lived through history and, by his efforts, made history. His colleagues never cease to pay tribute to his statesmanship. They may criticize him in small things, but never in the big issues which involve the welfare of this country. His warmth and,



Under-Secretary for Air

Cdr. Rupert Brabner, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.V.R., M.P., is to succeed Capt. H. Balfour as Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Air. He is thirty-three, and last year was appointed a technical assistant to the Fifth Sea Lord

above all, his loyalty, have embraced all alike in his Government, no matter what their party.

Promotion

MANY eyebrows were raised in the political clubs when the elevation of the Prime Minister's son-in-law, Mr. Duncan Sandys, to Cabinet rank as Minister of Works, was ticked out on the tapes. Mr. Sandys is thirty-six, and he is said to have a record of efficiency in all his ministerial undertakings. As a back-bench Member he was certainly most assiduous. He combined his duties in the House of



A chaplain of the Airborne Forces was amongst those who went to a recent investiture. He was the Rev. George Frederick Hales, and his wife and son saw him receive the M.C. from the King



Maj.-Gen. G. P. Walsh, late Chief of Staff of the Eighth Army, was awarded the C.B. in June, and Mrs. Walsh and Miss Green accompanied him to Buckingham Palace to get his decoration



A hero of Sicily and Arnhem at the investiture with his mother and a friend, was Lt.-Col. R. Lonsdale, The Leicestershire Regiment. He received a bar to the D.S.O. and the M.C.

Three of Those Decorated by the King at a Recent Investiture



Polish Award for British General

Lt.-Gen. F. A. M. Browning was one of a number of British officers to be decorated recently by M. Raczkiewica. The General is seen receiving the Polonia Restituta which he was awarded for training the Polish Parachute Brigade



Soviet Decoration for Air Vice-Marshal

Maj.-Gen. Ivan Susloparov, Soviet representative on the Allied Commission, presented Soviet awards to two officers and two N.C.O.s of the R.A.F. in Rome. Air Vice-Marshal W. F. Dickson, A.O.C. the Desert Air Force, was one of them

Commons with those of a Territorial officer before the war, and when the war came he went on overseas service. One of his recent responsibilities was chairmanship of a committee of scientists, set up to investigate and recommend defensive measures against Hitler's robot raids. His job is now to repair the damage which these have caused, and to provide prefabricated houses to meet immediate housing needs, which the Government regard as one of their most vital tasks. The fact that Mr. Churchill has entrusted this task to his son-in-law at once caused comment. Obviously, Mr. Churchill expected this comment to be adverse. But he has never allowed any considerations, personal or otherwise, to stand in the way of his conception of the best means of achieving the best results.

Reward

SIR EDWARD GRIGG will bring plenty of experience to his new post as Resident Minister in the Middle East, in which he succeeds the late Lord Moyne. Sir Edward is one of the few surviving members of that group of young men who served under, and benefited from their association with, the late Lord Milner in South Africa. Sir Edward was Governor of Kenya Colony before resuming his career in the House of Commons as a Conservative. In the Middle East he will have plenty of work, for it is still a most important centre, or outpost, of Cabinet responsibility.

After six years as Under-Secretary of State for Air, Captain Harold Balfour goes as

Resident Minister to West Africa to carry on the work so brilliantly started by Viscount Swinton. But the most interesting of these latest changes made by Mr. Churchill is the promotion of a young man of thirty-three to his first ministerial post. He is Commander Rupert Brabner who sits for the Hythe division of Kent. Commander Brabner holds several decorations for his gallantry in this war in which, as a Fleet Air Arm pilot, he saw service in Crete and North Africa. He is the youngest member of the Government, but obviously Mr. Churchill felt that this reward was well merited.

Battle

GENERAL EISENHOWER's assertion that the Germans will stand and fight on the west bank of the Rhine can be of great advantage to the Allies. The way events are shaping it seems fairly clear that Allied strategy in recent weeks has been directed towards compelling the Germans to do this. Obviously the strength and freshness of the Allied forces must be greater before they cross the Rhine than afterwards, if only accepted in terms of communications and the massing of men and material. Of course, the weather can be the final arbiter. So far the conditions appear to have been all in favour of the Germans.

On the other hand, when General Eisenhower decided on his present plans he must have taken fully into account the weather conditions most likely to prevail in November and December. If the Germans are not able to cross the Rhine and their best troops have to

face a concentration of Allied power, it is possible to foresee a great victory. But we have been disappointed before. The Germans have shown themselves skilled in the art of retreat. They have escaped the best-laid traps; and they may do so now. At the same time, the Allied Commanders know most of the German tricks. They are not likely to allow any lesson they have learned to be forgotten at this most vital moment of the war. It can be the climax of the war in Europe, with one reservation. The Germans have produced for the defence of the Reich a new military mind which belongs to Lieut.-Gen. Westphal. He is supposedly Chief of Staff to Field Marshal von Rundstedt, and his cunning is something which must not be under-estimated.

Morale

THE most important asset the Germans can have at this moment is their morale. Do not let us forget that it was British morale at the evacuation of Dunkirk, and later through the bombing raids, which helped this country through its most difficult days. But we happen to live on an island. The German people now know that the massive forces of the Allies are at their frontiers, and that sooner or later they will cross the line and invade Germany. Will German morale hold out against this prospect? There is definite news that the administrative machinery of government of Germany is beginning to show signs of great strain. It is weakening under the pressure of the Allied blows. Once this happens I believe that this weakness can spread to the people of Germany.



Two More Awards at Buckingham Palace in connection with the Normandy Landings

The Victoria Cross was awarded to Capt. Jamieson, The Royal Norfolk Regiment, for outstanding leadership and great personal bravery in Normandy. His father, Mr. A. A. Jamieson, chairman of Vickers Ltd., and his mother were at the investiture with him



Brig. Sir Bruce Gordon White, R.E., received the K.B.E. for distinguished services in connection with the landings in Normandy. He is director of Ports and Inland Water Transport at the War Office. Lady White and his daughter accompanied him

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Magnificent, If You Like It

By James Agate

READER, let us do away with cant and realize that some seventy per cent of cinema goers have never seen a play acted by flesh-and-blood actors, while quite ninety per cent of them have never seen a Shakespeare play performed in the theatre. I propose, therefore, in what follows to put forward the views on *Henry V* (Carlton) of one who is seeing Shakespeare presented for the first time.

VERY well then. At the beginning of this symphony in Technicolor, which lasts two hours and seventeen minutes, we are given a picture of London and what the original Globe Theatre in Bankside would have looked like if half the population had been house-painters. The dirt in this London wouldn't fill a coal-scuttle. The hustle and the bustle; the confusion in the tiring-room, the unreliable memory of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Felix Aylmer), who has to be shown sheets of the script to remember the names and, finally, pettishly throws them all on the floor; the roars of the audience, mostly in the wrong place; the rapture of the pit when the name Falstaff is mentioned—all this is excellent, though perhaps the noise is a little too noisy and the audience a little too spruce and gaudy in attire.

AFTER the preliminaries, enters from behind the stage-curtain at the back Chorus (Leslie Banks), who delivers his superb prologue immediately followed by the scene between the two prelates. Here the note of burlesque is maintained; as when the Archbishop asks: "Is it four o'clock?" and an ancient stage-hand totters toward some piece of metal on which he raps three times quickly, then bethinking himself that that is not quite enough, adds a fourth. At which, of course, the Globe audience yells.

NOW appears King Henry, who is Laurence Olivier, and very handsome and kingly he looks. And, of course, the scene where the Dauphin sends the tennis balls and the King's scornful reply. This ended, the King bows to the Globe audience and retires, and thus ends Act One.

NOW Chorus tells us that all the youth of England are on fire, and we proceed to the scene in the London street, outside the "Boar's Head," where we learn of Falstaff's illness. Here we meet Ancient Pistol who is Robert Newton, Corporal Nym who is Frederick Cooper, and Mistress Quickly, beautifully played by Freda Jackson. Next we see Falstaff dying, grandly played by George Robey—it is difficult to keep up the pretence of not knowing any Shakespeare—and muttering in his delirium the words he addressed to Henry when he greeted him as King, and hearing in his poor brain Henry's terrible reply. This is quite first-rate and one can understand the shade of Will saying: "Put it in by all means, my good Larry." To Quickly is rightfully left that description of the old fribble's death, and this Freda does beautifully, to a darkened screen.

BUT from here on we leave the Globe presentation and let the cinema give us all of that

scope and vista and range of which it is capable. We are in France and the King (Harcourt Williams, an admirable performance) discusses his rival with the Dauphin (Max Adrian, a highly-coloured portrait) and the other princes. Then to Harfleur where the King's famous:—

Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more

is like a call from five hundred clarions. This is followed by the Fluellen-Macmorris scene. Esmond is the Fluellen of my dreams, and I hold that Niall MacGinnis shows real passion. Then the Katharine-Alice scene. Katharine is Renee Asherson, and I congratulate her on her

excellent French. (Is Katharine Yvonne Arnaud's ancestress?) Ivy St. Helier's Alice is a little masterpiece of Gallic mimicry. Then quickly through the Pistol-Fluellen quarrel, that amazing midnight conversation in the French camp near Agincourt, the English camp, the scene between Bates and the King. Now a very fine and purely cinematic stroke; Henry's soliloquy beginning, "Upon the king!" is spoken as if Henry were but thinking it; that is to say, Olivier's voice is heard declaiming the lines but no words come from his lips. Next the ashen darkness of the lonely night is very moving. And then comes the Battle of Agincourt. For this, one of the most astounding things I have ever beheld on any screen, no mere description would suffice; it must be seen to be believed. And heard, too, if we can spare a moment for the liver-curdling stridency and urgency of William Walton's music. This is where the cinema pats itself on the back, and says to the theatre: "This is our *métier*, friend: never try to rival us *here*."

AFTER this breath-taking spectacle anything else would be anti-climax. Excellent, however, is the last of the Fluellen scenes where



"Now, Lords, for France. . . . No King of England, if not King of France."

At Southampton Henry embarks with his armies for France. "Let us deliver our puissance into the hand of God, putting it straight in expedition"

he forces Pistol to eat the leek; excellent the scene at the French Palace where Valentine Dyall with his lovely voice lends new interest to Burgundy orating; excellent the wooing of Henry, though I suggest that when this film is released in the suburbs and provinces that English captions be used to accompany Katharine's share in the business. With this, and the French King's consent, the film ends. And we rise in a state of exaltation, excitement, and exhilaration such as we have not known in the cinema for many a long day. We search for hyperbole. What fine acting! What horsemanship! What amazing colour! What marvellous photography! What splendid décor! And, gosh, *what* a poet!! The text arranger is my old friend Alan Dent. And to him I say: "Alan, you have made a splendid job of it, apart from cutting two of the best scenes in the play!" To which he may well reply that he has given me the whole of the Battle of Agincourt, and ask what I want more? The answer is that as a lover of Shakespeare *in the theatre* there isn't anything I want less. In my view the whole thing is a magnificent shot at something I, personally, don't want to see attempted.

"Henry V"

Laurence Olivier Embodies the Fighting Spirit of our Ancestors

● The world premiere of *Henry V* took place at the Carlton Theatre, Haymarket, on Monday last in aid of the Airborne Forces and the Commandos Benevolent Funds. The film has a tremendous cast which includes Robert Newton as Ancient Pistol, Leslie Banks as Chorus, Renee Asherson as Princess Katharine, Esmoré Knight as Fluellen, Harcourt Williams, Francis Lister, Nicholas Hannen, Felix Aylmer and so on and on. More pictures of the film itself and of its brilliant cast will be published in our issue next week



"I was not angry since I came to France until this instant"

Henry learns that his camp has been burnt to the ground; the young boys guarding it, all killed



"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers"

Henry exhorts his troops before Agincourt. "Gentlemen in England, now abed, shall think themselves accursed, they were not here"



"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more"

Henry rallies his troops, inspiring them to follow him once more up to the walls of besieged Harfleur

The Theatre

The Shaw Season (Lyric, Hammersmith) By Horace Horsnell

CRUSADING under the banners of such one-time exotic invaders of the theatre as Ibsen and Tchekov is not the arduous and often thankless sport it was when the Stage Society's shock troops were liable to be spitefully rebuffed by our more insular critics. Even for Mr. Shaw, the walls of Jericho did not readily yield to the blowing of his own trumpet. But time has changed all that. He is now an accepted classic to whom even the screen pays tribute. Moreover, he has achieved that crowning honour, repertorial apotheosis in his lifetime, and the darlinghood of the gods.

The rising generation can hardly complain that their classical education in the drama is nowadays neglected. To the two West End seasons of ancient and more modern masters at the New and Haymarket Theatres, a third has been added—the Shaw repertory at Hammersmith. This, which is inevitably more modest in scale than the other two, and sincere rather than splashy, presents in serial rotation some of the less grandiloquent works of Shaw, though *Pygmalion* is among them.

Too True To Be Good, with which the season opened, that somewhat piebald Morality which flavours homily with farce, having played itself in, *Candida*, a more parochial symposium, follows. This may not flutter the dovescots as of old, or excite controversy; but it should interest both the veteran and the tenderfoot Shavian. To the former it offers the pleasure of renewing old acquaintance and checking memories, and to the latter an opportunity of making the master's acquaintance in conditions less distracting than the film affords.

Candida is an early work. It was produced as long ago as 1900, and it may perhaps be best remembered by Granville Barker's performance as Eugene Marchbanks, the head-strong young poet who would have broken up a too complacent parson's home by means which Shelley would probably have approved. This revival may not create comparable memories. It has, one would say, repertory rather than histrionic virtue.

THE company led by Miss Ellen Pollock is modest but gallant, and adapts its resources to repertory demands with commendable courage. Miss Pollock's own performance as *Candida* is very workmanlike and holds the play together. It has authority, and matures, so to speak, as the play proceeds. This actress, whom we have more often seen in farce and the less demure comedy leads, knows her job, and turns from frivolous to graver roles with admirable address.

She has in Mr. John Leather an emotionally spontaneous Eugene, and in Mr. Michael Golden an eventually mortified spouse who penitently admits that he is the weaker vessel, and so retains her love. Judging by first-night laughter, Shaw's rational idealism appeals warmly to the rising generation, and *Candida*'s reassessment of the relative status of husband and wife, once so stimulating to intellectual rebels of the 'nineties, appeared to be taken for granted.

Though hardly one of Shaw's more memorable works, *Candida* acts well, vindicates his versatility, and may be contrasted with its



Miss Proserpine Garnett and
The Reverend Alexander Mill
(Patricia Hilliard Wallas Eaton)

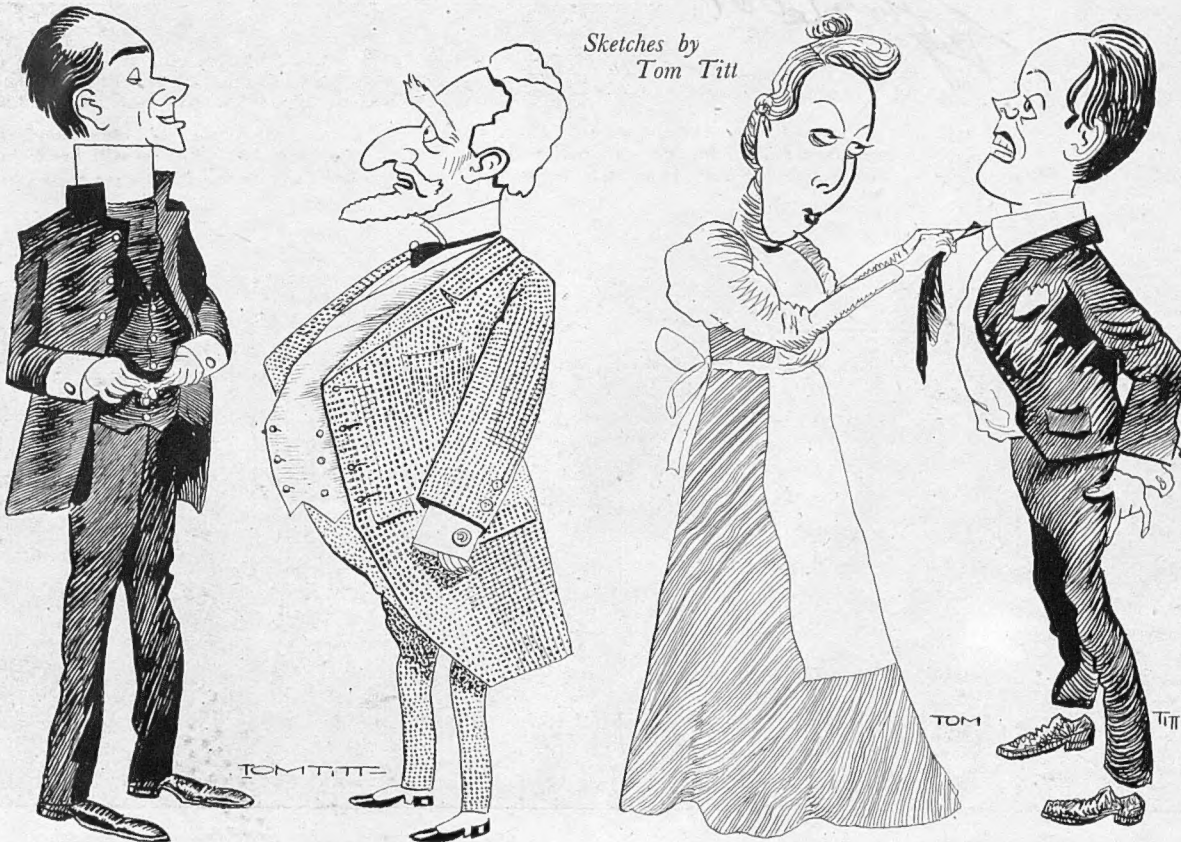
predecessor, *Arms And The Man*, to which the Old Vic company is doing such spirited justice in its season at the New.

THOUGH Shaw, unlike Shakespeare, may be more interested in ideas than individuals, it is not enough for his interpreters to be merely mouthpieces. It is up to them, without blunting his dialogue with conventional characterization or caricature, to clothe their parts with individuality relevant and enlivening to the situation. This must make such a repertory as this arduous, if stimulating, to the members of the company.

Thus Miss Patricia Hilliard, who so devotedly subdues her beauty to the demands of Prossy, the fierce spinsterial typist, rather misses the subtler grotesquerie of the part by hardening it, while Mr. Golden flattens that of the popular windbag and husband by under-seasoning it. Nor did I feel that Mr. Nigel Clarke quite managed to get the pitch, either in status or idiom, of *Candida*'s father, the crooked contractor, who so successfully compromises between the main chance and the technique of not missing it. These are repertory snags; but Miss Pollock's deft and resourceful steering brings *Candida* herself admirably to port.

Two one-act plays, *Village Wooing* and *The Dark Lady Of The Sonnets*, were produced at the Lyric last night (Nov. 28) and *Pygmalion* follows on December 12. Two consecutive performances of these five plays will then be given in regular rotation (no Monday performance) until Christmas.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The Reverend James Mavor Morell and
Mr. Burgess (Michael Golden, Nigel Clarke)

Candida and Eugene Marchbanks
(Ellen Pollock, John Leather)

Modern Casanova

Gary Cooper in Matrimonial and Family Troubles

● *Casanova Brown* is about a young college professor (Gary Cooper) who, on a visit to New York, meets and marries a rich society girl. The girl's parents disapprove of the marriage and have it annulled. The professor returns to his home town, and some months later is about to be married once more when he hears his first wife has had a baby and is seeking to have it adopted. Under State legislation the father is forced to undergo mental and physical tests. These provide farcical entertainment and succeed in driving the professor back to his wife's arms, where mutual love of their baby daughter reunites them. The film goes to the Odeon, Leicester Square, on Friday next, December 1st



Mr. and Mrs. Casanova Brown find in their baby daughter an attraction too strong to resist. In spite of the annulment of their marriage, they once more join forces and (we hope) live happily ever after



Casanova Brown, in New York to sell book about original Casanova, meets and marries Isabel Drury (Teresa Wright)



The marriage is doomed when Isabel's mother (Patricia Collinge) foresees disaster in Casanova's stars. Her fears are confirmed when the family home is burnt to the ground



After annulment of the marriage, Casanova learns that his wife has had a baby and is seeking to have it adopted



Casanova 'phones the father of his home-town bride-to-be postponing his second marriage while he sorts out the baby daughter complications of his first



Determined to save his daughter from adoption, Casanova disguises himself as a doctor and kidnaps the child from the hospital



Chambermaid and bell-hop help him in caring for the child. The situation is saved when Isabel arrives to take charge of her baby and Casanova, whom she really loves

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Guests at the Palace

THEIR MAJESTIES' first official guests at Buckingham Palace after the period of mourning for the Queen's father were Lord Gowrie, V.C., the retiring Governor-General of Australia, and Lady Gowrie, who had lunch with them. Undoubtedly, Lord Gowrie had a great deal to tell the King; and undoubtedly, too, the King had even more than his usual keen interest in a Governor-General's report, for it is only a matter of weeks now before the Duke of Gloucester leaves to take up his appointment as Lord Gowrie's successor. The Duke has taken full advantage of the presence of his experienced predecessor in London to learn from him all he can about what people are doing and thinking "down under." To Australians, the Pacific war looms necessarily larger than it does to most of us in this country, and they will find their new Governor-General well abreast of developments, for the Duke, whose own private priority

interest is the Army, has been following and studying the fluctuating course of the campaigns against the Japanese with a professional soldier's attention.

Royal Appointment

THE QUEEN has appointed Lady Mary Herbert to her household as Woman of the Bedchamber in the place of the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Bowlby, who remains in the Royal Household as an extra Woman of the Bedchamber. Lady Mary Herbert is the widow of Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Herbert, G.C.I.E., of the Royal Horse Guards, and the elder daughter of the Earl of Ilchester. Her sister is Lady Wimborne.

Some confusion has been caused by the similarity in names between the new member of the Queen's household and Lady Herbert, Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent and wife of Lord Herbert, Controller to Her Royal Highness. Lady Herbert's maiden name was Lady Mary Hope; she is the only sister of the

Marquess of Linlithgow. The Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Bowlby has been twelve years with Her Majesty, to whom she was appointed Lady-in-Waiting, as Duchess of York, in 1932.

Mrs. Bowlby, who holds the high honour of a Commander of the Royal Victorian Order for her services to the Queen, is a daughter of the eleventh Viscount Valentia. Her husband, Captain Geoffrey Bowlby, was serving in the Royal Horse Guards when he was killed in action in 1915, and she herself afterwards served for three years as Commandant of an auxiliary hospital, twice being mentioned in despatches. Her home is at Croughton House, Brackley Northamptonshire.

Party

It was a very happy party that gathered to greet the newly-married Lady Betty Weston and her husband at Lily Lady Rennell's house in Spanish Place, where she gave a fork supper in their honour. Lady Betty looked radiant in her favourite shade of brown, with a smart little veil-trimmed hat. She and Brig-Gen. Weston have been staying for a short while at the May Fair before returning to North Berwick, where they are living until their new home in the Lammermoor Hills is ready for them. Relatives and friends crowded round them at the party, among whom were Lord Londonderry and his daughter-in-law, Lady Castle-reagh, her brother, Capt. Simon Combe, and his wife, Lady Sylvia, Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, Lady Kimberley and Lord Derwent.

(Continued on page 266)



Maud Duchess of Wellington was the chairman and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe one of the vice-chairmen of the organising committee for the premiere of "Henry V", at the Carlton Theatre, London



Miss Penelope Ward, whose sister Mrs. Robert Laycock was a vice chairman of the committee, is seen with Mr. Del Guidici, managing director of the Two Cities Film Company, which made the film



The first performance of "Henry V" was held in aid of the Airborne Forces and Commandos' Benevolent Funds. Both Major C. S. Head, M.C., and Major B. J. Hugh, seen here with Miss D. Lang and Mrs. T. P. Lonsbrough, spoke of the need for such funds



Lady Anne Rhys was a member of the film committee, and at the meeting she sat with Capt. the Hon. Charles Rhys, M.C., the Hon. Mrs. Rhys and Lady Middleton. The film is produced and directed by Laurence Olivier, who plays the leading role

Some of Those Who Planned This Week's Film Premiere in Aid of Airborne Forces and Commandos

Swabe



Capt. B. Booty, Lady Katharine Sackville and Capt. Gerard Leigh were listening to a fourth and invisible member of the party



Sisters-in-law, Mrs. John Drury Lowe and Lady Winnington sat opposite their husbands. Sir Francis Winnington was a prisoner of war

Eating Out in London

Photographs at Bagatelle and Mirabell by Swaebe



Miss Bronwen Williams-Wynn, second daughter of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, was dining with Mr. T. A. de Wertheimer



Earl and Countess Poulett found two undisputed seats at the bar before dinner. She is Danish, and they were married in 1941



At this table the Marquess of Londonderry was looking cheerful, and kept the Countess of Durham amused



Major Earl Cadogan, M.C., and his wife dined together. He served abroad for four years and was twice wounded



Sewing in Aid of the Blind

Lady Newborough (standing) has been holding sewing parties at her home, in aid of the St. Andrew's Day Fair and Ball to be held at Grosvenor House on November 30th. Three of her helpers were Lady Neave, Mrs. Richard Morten and Lady Mulleneux-Grayson



Celebrating an Anniversary

Mrs. Tate, M.P. for Frome, presented Lady Astor, M.P., with a bouquet on the twenty-fifth anniversary of her election as Member for Portsmouth. Others present included Miss Irene Ward, M.P., the Hon. W. W. Astor, M.P., and Miss Megan Lloyd George, M.P.

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

The hostess was looking wonderfully well in a long frock of midnight blue with gold embroideries. Lord Rennell and his wife were there, and Lord Rennell toasted the newly-wed couple after Lady Betty had cut the chocolate wedding-cake. Among the hostess's relations I saw Lady Loraine and her sister, Lady Abingdon, and their mother; the Hon. Mrs. Stuart-Wortley, the Hon. Peter Rodd and his wife; the Hon. Mrs. Simon Elwes and the Hon. Mrs. Emmett. The Hon. Audrey Paget was with her fiancé, Commandant Christian Martell, who was in Air Force uniform with endless ribbons and bars. Their marriage will probably take place in London in the early days of the New Year.

New Home for the Bath Club

WHEN that particularly British "institution," the Bath Club, betakes itself to new premises in due course, and if, as seems highly probable, its post-war home is Forbes House, the members will find themselves in a very different setting from that to which they were accustomed in Dover Street. Forbes House belongs to Lord and Lady Granard, but they have not lived in it since 1940, preferring their

home at their Irish seat in Co. Longford. The house was a wedding present from Lord Granard's father-in-law, the American millionaire Ogden Mills, and was originally known as Mortimer House, but the Granards gave it the name of their family, making it just the reverse of their Irish home, which is Castle Forbes. It is quite a spacious building, and it should be fairly easy to install a swimming-bath, for what would the Bath Club be without one!

The house stands four-square in Halkin Street, a turning off Grosvenor Place, and has a garden which reaches into Grosvenor Crescent. It is famed for its Y-shaped white marble staircase, up and down which every conceivable crowned head walked at some time or another. In other days, the dining-room was distinguished for its pictures by Romney; Van Dyck and Beechey, Beechey being responsible for a charming child study of Lord Granard's grandfather, who lived to be more than a hundred. Forbes House was damaged by enemy action some time after it had been opened as a depot for Red Cross hospital supplies. Now it may well become famous as the new home of the Bath Club, which itself was completely gutted by fire during one of the 1941 blitzes.

Anglo-Egyptian Alliance

IT will be good news to the many friends of the Egyptian Ambassador and his pretty young English wife to hear that on his

retirement from diplomacy, though he is going back to his own country now, he is by no means giving up his English interests. In fact, his delightful house in Devon is being kept on with its farm, and while he is away in Cairo some additional buildings are being set up which it is hoped will be ready when he and Mme. Nachat Pasha come back here in the spring. That the Ambassador should be enlarging the house is not surprising, for house-construction is a hobby of his, and one of his present plans is to install a swimming-pool at his house on Gezireh; his wife is a keen swimmer, so she is eagerly looking forward to this being ready. When she and her husband are in Cairo, they hope to make use of his super-caravan for week-ends in the desert. Mme. Nachat Pasha intends to start nurseries for children of the fellahin and to do welfare work in general. She has had a good deal of experience in this kind of work, as since the outbreak of war she has been looking after blitzed children in Honiton at the council school where she was one of two voluntary helpers in charge of thirty-five children.

Roundabout

SEEN around town: the Hon. Mrs. James Baird, one of Lord Harcourt's tall sisters, in W.V.S. uniform, hurriedly trying to fit in some shopping; Mrs. Robin Wilson, up from her

(Concluded on page 282)



Founder's Day Party of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor

Gustar, first carrier-pigeon to return from Normandy on D-Day, and Paddy, holder of the fastest crossing record, were decorated at the party by Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First Lord. They were held by W/Cdr. Lea Raynor

Mr. Robertson Hare, the stage and screen star, was at the party, and with him here is Mrs. Bridges-Webb, wife of the Deputy-Chairman of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor

An October Engagement

Lady Romaine Cecil and Her Fiancé,
Major the Hon. Peter Brassey

● The engagement was announced on October 12th of Major the Hon. Peter Brassey, youngest son of Lord and Lady Brassey, of Apethorpe Hall, Northamptonshire, and Lady Romaine Cecil, younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter. Major Brassey, who is a barrister in peacetime, is in the Northamptonshire Yeomanry, and his fiancée is serving in the V.A.D. Lady Romaine's elder brother, Lord Burghley, is Governor and C-in-C. of Bermuda, and her sister is Lady Hotham

Photographs by Hay Wrightson



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

MR. MOISE NOVOMEYSKY, managing director of a firm called Palestine Potash, rather charmingly, has a scheme for making domestic pots and pans out of the magnesium in the Dead Sea, which is the sort of news-item we can take in our stride any morning and walk on humming the Rosenkavalier Waltz.

The principal modern use of the Dead Sea, you probably thought, was to have stout tourists photographed on their backs in it trying laughingly to sink, which they can never do, since nobody ever thinks of attaching heavy weights to them. The dense mineral wealth of the Dead Sea could be demonstrated in other ways, but this is supposed by tourists to be the best way—a huge convex segment of unattractive paunch outlined sharply against the unearthly Palestinian afterglow. They return ultimately to their ship and indulge in deck-games organised by the purser, who smiles day and night. Any purser could sink 'em all in the Dead Sea in ten minutes, given half a chance, and enjoy a whacking dinner in a Jerusalem hotel after it. Waiter, a bit more of that chicken-liver. Monsieur is hungry to-night? Monsieur damned well is, waiter, and very, very happy.

Footnote

WE'RE probably unique in once having caught a purser halfway across the Atlantic without a smile. He was in his little office, scowling like a demon at his private thoughts. On seeing us he switched on the old smile instantly, like a searchlight, but he knew we knew. He didn't know we were on his side, though, against that frightful woman at the Captain's table, all over diamonds. Purser, friend, brother, this is to say we'd have held that harridan's head, and gladly.

Experiment

ARNAUD MASSY, reported by Auntie Times to be fit, well, and in Northern France, must be getting to be a pretty aged golfer, having been the first foreigner to win the Open at Hoylake in 1907, when your great-grandmother wore pantalettes.

Aged golf champions have, you would think, an ideally restful past to look back on, all golf balls being precisely the same, like all turf, all sand, all water, all woods, all irons, and, if it comes to that, all golfers, whose wives can never be quite certain



"... and now for a really practical talk on ratcatching"

about the man upstairs (not that they care, the lovely woodland spirit in them having died long since). A past like an endless Arab tune or a poem by Southey. You forget that golf was made fashionable in this country by Mr. Balfour, a Scottish aristocrat and philosopher of exquisite culture and courtesy but quite inhuman mental cruelty. His object was to impose on the mass-mind of the Island Race, always a trifle woozy, a uniform blankness. You may test the result by taking any keen present-day golfer aside—oh, those poor bewildered eyes!—and asking him a few questions.

"Are you happy?"

"Yes, I am happy."

"Do they treat you well?"

"Yes, they treat me well."

"Where do you derive all your ideas?"

(Here the golfer mentions the daily paper he prefers.)

"Describe your surroundings."

"It is very beautiful. There are flowers everywhere. Everything is white, white. It is very peaceful and happy, except when I try to think. Then my head hurts."

"Have you any desires?"

"No, I have no desires."

"Have you any fear?"

"Only when I try to think. Then my head hurts."

The dilated, rather boiled eyes, the dull monotone of the voice, as of a child repeating a lesson, reveal to what extent the Balfour Experiment succeeded. Cruelty? Or a bleak form of pity?

Nut

A CITIZEN who claimed to be the Prophet Elijah got a spoonful of publicity recently for beating his wife and resisting the police, and we wondered if it was really news. For four hundred years or so these happy islands have swarmed with thinkers of this type. Many are far more fascinating than the major prophet above mentioned.

There's an attractive one in the Tunbridge Wells Guide for 1786, a bedside-book of ours. Among the nobility and gentry thronging that fashionable spa was a wealthy Mr. Dunmall, who was born at the

(Concluded on page 270)



"And you simply must have one of these red things that George has cooked up in his laboratory"

Four Weddings



Lt. Konstanti Scheunert and Mrs. Ruth Wardell

The wedding of Lt. Konstanti Scheunert, Assistant Military Attaché to the Polish Embassy, and Mrs. Ruth Wardell was celebrated at Brompton Oratory. The bride is the second daughter of Sir Kenneth Crossley, Bt., and Lady Crossley, of Combermere Abbey, Whitchurch, Salop



Major the Hon. Anthony Strachey and Lady Mary Palmer

On November 11th the marriage of Major the Hon. Thomas Anthony Edward Towneley Strachey, only son of Lord O'Hagan and of the late Lady O'Hagan, and Lady Mary Palmer took place in St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. The bride, who is the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Selborne, was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Elizabeth in July this year



Mr. John S. Paget and Miss Nancy Parish

Mr. John Starr Paget, son of Sir Richard Paget, Bt., and of the late Lady Muriel Paget, married Miss Nancy Parish on November 11th at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. F. W. Parish, D.S.O., M.C., The King's Royal Rifle Corps, and of Mrs. Parish, of Greenham Barton, Taunton



Ian Smith, Edinburgh

Lt.-Col. Sir Eric Hutchinson and Miss Olive Kerres

A wedding at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, was that of Lt.-Col. Sir Eric Alexander Ogilvy Hutchinson, Bt., R.A., and Miss Olive Kerres, of Newcastle. The bridegroom is a member of the King's Body Guard for Scotland

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Creation and was immortal. Mr. Dunmall had a polite argument with the famous Lord Chesterfield one day about the Prophet Jonah, revealing that the prophet was an old funk, as he, Mr. Dunmall, well knew, having travelled with him in the whale's belly. Apart from immortality, Mr. Dunmall was constantly advised in his affairs by the Archangel Gabriel, and would gallop of a morning to the Sussex Tavern by the Assembly Rooms and cry to Jack Todd, the landlord: "Jack! I have received an Order from the Archangel Gabriel to drink eighteen Gills of white Wine before I get off my Horse." The Archangel later ordered him to drink eighteen beakers of the Wells water right off, which made him ill for some weeks.

Hundreds of more or less harmless nuts of this kind are spawned annually by Anglo-Saxondom (U.S. included), but very, very few in the Latin countries. It must be the climate, or the cricket, or something.

Pioneer

LONDON night life as we know it (or don't) nowadays didn't start with the night clubs of the late 1900's, as a chap falsely alleged in print the other day. It began modestly in the 1850's with the Langham Hotel, which ought to have a whacking memorial-tablet on it.

Before the Langham there was no London hotel where you would take a woman to dinner, if you had that absurd fancy. There were plenty of hotels, even fashionable ones, but their gloomy public coffee-rooms were no place for an English Rose. The Langham when it came was the last word in New York high-life, and delighted the Beau Monde (including his R-y-l H-ghn-ss) considerably, we gather. Even the modernised lounge is full of whiskered and crinolined and lavendered ghosts, like a Keepsake, perfectly charming. What these shades think of the BBC boys as they flit past to the Bolivar Bar round the corner is probably most flattering.

"How vewy pale and handthome, Captain Golightly, yet what an air of genteel thpwightlineth!"

(Polite non-committal grunt from the Captain, languidly twirling his mustachios.)

"Pway look, Mamma, at thith delightful thpectacle! One might almotht athk one or two of them after dinner!"

"Euphemia!"

"How thpotty they are! It ith quite exthiting!"

Meditation

IN the 1850's, actually, the BBC boys would have entered and left the family mansion by the area or backstairs entrance, after partaking of a cup of soup served in the hall by a silent and disapproving flunkey; like conjurers and pianists and gentlemen entertainers from the Stores. An occasional dashing or bearded one might have eloped with a younger daughter of the house, but they'd have had to live in Belgogne. To-day the BBC

boys go everywhere, we're told; or nearly everywhere. Times change, egad.

Revolt

BREAKING the centuries-old traditional silence surrounding the Chair and its private feelings, the Speaker of the House recently testified, *inter alia*, before the Select Committee considering the rebuilding of that dump, that one of his major daily trials is the kind of M.P. who sidles up past him and murmurs: "Have you heard this one?"

This seems to reduce the Mother of Parliaments to the level of the Stock Exchange (where incidentally, a good story was recently going round, to the effect that a good story was recently going round).

But at any rate M.P.s don't carry on nowadays like jolly redfaced Jack Fuller of Brightling, M.P. for that East Sussex seat in the 18th century and a bit of a hero of ours. Squire Fuller got so suddenly sick of the blah-blah and tomfoolery and intrigue of the Party Machine that he rose up in his place one day and began in a colossal voice to praise and extol his native county, then unspoiled. Being called to order almost at once, the Squire snapped his fingers at the Speaker, roared: "Take that, you insignificant little Fellow in the Wig!", strode out of the reeling House in triumph, got into his six-horse coach, and rolled back home to Brightling for evermore.



"When making your next report, Hawkins, 'patrolling my beat' sounds better than 'prowling around'"

Retreat

SIMULTANEOUSLY, in the senatorial surroundings of crimson and gilt, Boule clocks and glossy parquet, the Consultative Assembly met in the Luxembourg, Paris, and we dare deduce the stately wine-waiter of Foyot's nearby gave his chain of office an extra breadcrumb-rub that morning.

Under the Third Republic the Senate was a dignified club-library or doss-house where the *patres conscripti* dozed in comfortable armchairs between luncheon and dinner, both generally chez Foyot; or at any rate that was how the average Parisian regarded it. Its only excitement for generations was the Malvy Inquiry of 1918, which was very like our own Marconi Inquiry, in that Malvy, ex-Minister of the Interior and Left Winger, charged with high treason, was duly white-washed and everybody went comfortably to sleep again. The head-waiter of Foyot's, who doubtless knew the real lowdown on everything better than any Minister, looked so like a conscript father himself that an American business man with whom we lunched there in the 1920's was in a perfect lather of nerves and almost forgot to overtipping the waiters the usual 500 per cent.

Head-waiters at fashionable restaurants should write more memoirs. It would be fun to see half the City, the Cabinet, and the Beau Monde catching an early boat-train all together one fine morning because the doctor had ordered them more sunshine.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"By Jove, Miss Patterson, you really are a pin-up girl and no mistake"

Mothers and Children



Mrs. Guy Beauchamp and Susan

Formerly Miss Susan North, younger sister of the late Lord North, Mrs. Beauchamp is co-heiress with her sister, Mrs. Clive Graham, to the barony now in abeyance. She and her small daughter, Susan, were photographed at their home, Under Ridge, Bourne End

Photographs by Anthony Forest
and Compton Collier

Right: The wife of Major-Gen. Viscount Bridgeman, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., and her three little girls, Anne, Susan and Mary, were photographed at their Shropshire home, Leigh Manor. Lady Bridgeman is the second daughter of Lord Bingley, and was married in 1930. Her husband, for three years Adjutant-General of the Home Guard, was succeeded in June by Major-Gen. Sir James Drew, becoming Deputy Adjutant-General. He was awarded the C.B. this year



Mrs. Clive Graham and Penelope

Mrs. Graham, elder sister of Mrs. Beauchamp, was married in 1937 to Lt. Clive Graham, who is serving in the Sherwood Foresters. Before the war he was racing correspondent to the "Daily Express." Her brother, Lt. Lord North, R.N., was killed in H.M.S. Neptune in 1941. The Clive Grahams have one little girl, Penelope



Viscountess Bridgeman and Her Daughters



Scene: the Gorbals, Glasgow

"Miracle in the Gorbals"

Robert Helpmann's New Dance Drama is Set in the Slums

● *Miracle in the Gorbals* is an outstanding example of that collaboration between art and art which is demanded of good ballet. The theme by Michael Benthall, the music by Arthur Bliss, the decor by Edward Burra, Robert Helpmann's choreography, and the dancing and mime of the large cast, in their fusion, have generated a work of extraordinary dramatic power. Some idea of the vividness of the characterisations is conveyed by the pictures; equally remarkable is the mastery in the handling of the crowd scenes, both in detail and in the broad, strong effects, particularly the tremendous climax of rejoicing over the Suicide's return to life, set to a powerful drum rhythm. The Sadler's Wells Ballet season at the Princes Theatre, during which the new work was produced, ends on Saturday, but the Company, after visiting Birmingham, returns to London on December 11th for a week's season at the King's, Hammersmith

Photographs by Edward Mandinian



Robert Helpmann plays with great restraint and the part of the Stranger, who appears in a Glasgow brings a suicide girl back to life, converts a and is himself done to death by a ras



One of the innumerable dramatic episodes with which the whole dance drama is packed is the separation by the Official of the Prostitute and a young man. (Alexis Rassine) she is enticing away from the girl he cares for. The hostile encounter typifies the perpetual struggle between respectable authority and the predatory life of the slum



Later, the Official himself, embittered and tormented by the power of the Stranger over the people of whom he has thought himself spiritual leader, finds in the Prostitute a further betrayal of his lost integrity



Moira Shearer and girl whose young tarnished by the vice Their dancing prove point to the compl



Celia Franca is the Prostitute, whose whole life is changed when the Stranger visits her tenement room. Both the flashy voluptuousness of her street-corner allure and the spirituality of her conversion are brilliantly acted



Pauline Clayden is the Suicide, whose recall from death appals and enrages the Official (David Paltenghi). She too plays her double role—of despair and of innocent, devotional happiness—with remarkable sensitiveness and certainty of touch



Alexis Rassine are the boy and the girl, who is still—but only just—not the squalor of their environment. The play is a lyrical and subtle counterpoint of dramatic crowd movements



David Paltenghi's bitter, dignified Official, black-hearted with jealousy and revenge, has its companion piece in evil in his toady, the Street Boy, whose precocious, eager vice is notably well portrayed by Gordon Hamilton



Set on to him by the Official, the young toughs of the slum, armed with razors and broken bottles, jostle, kick and slash the Stranger to death—a terrifying piece of brutality. The ballet ends with a beggar tending, and the Suicide and the Prostitute mourning over, the Stranger's body



Air Vice-Marshal Harry Broadhurst, C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C.

One of the youngest men of his rank in the R.A.F., Air Vice-Marshal Harry Broadhurst took command of a fighter group of the Second Tactical Air Force in June. He was one of the first pilots to land in Normandy on D+4 Day, and within a few days had transferred his headquarters to French soil. In July he piloted the Prime Minister when he flew over the Allied lines in Normandy. Air Vice-Marshal Broadhurst joined the R.A.F. from the Royal Artillery in 1926, and as long ago as 1931 was mentioned in despatches while serving on the North-West Frontier. He was with Combined Operations at Dieppe as an observer, and won his A.F.C. for developing Air Tactics. He has flown well over 600 operational flights and has many enemy aircraft to his credit. Earlier in the war he was A.O.C. the Desert Air Force, which he commanded during its progress from Tripoli onwards. A man with a forceful personality and a strong will, Air Vice-Marshal Broadhurst is very popular in the Service. He received the C.B. in August this year.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

From a Stone-Wall Country

NEWS from a racing enthusiast fighting under the command of one of the best Generals this, or any other, war has thrown up, gives me a little glimpse of some things I have never been able to bring myself to like—mountains. Even Alexander the Great No. 1 could not have galloped over the infernal stone-wall country allotted to No. 2, even if he had had a big pull in the weights, which, incidentally, Alexander the Second never has had. That he has gone such a thundering good gallop over such country ranks as a miracle comparable with that performed by the Slim Man through the Burmese sludge. The Western Front has been no picnic, but these other two—ask anyone who has ever been to either, or both, of them and knows what they can be at their very "pisonest." A young "Hoplite" says that the country is impossible for tanks at the moment; long odds against cavalry, if we had any, and that our old friend Kucha the mule is the only thing that can make any real show of it. Times are when he and other "Hoplites" have been completely dependent upon this gallant animal for food, ammunition, and all other supplies. This is not the first time in the history of war that the valiant Kucha has played a captain's innings. My fighting correspondent says that the Italian rain, and so forth, have completely blinded them to the natural and architectural beauties of the land, and that the attractive little hill-towns are just another strong-point full to the lid with machine-guns and other guns, mines and booby-traps. Anyway, I think hills are Hades. Once upon a time was in a place where the valleys were 8000 ft., a plateau from 14,600 ft. upwards, the passes 16,800 ft. and the real hills 24,000 ft. It also rained, blew, snowed and froze.

A "Hoplite's" Tip

OF course, my friend in the land of the organ-grinder and macaroni has not had a chance to see any of the racing that has been going

on over here, but he and a host of other chaps—"Hoplites," arbalest specialists and the gallant descendants of Icarus—have followed the form with avidity, and I will quote a short passage of my young friend's letter. After saying that he went to some trotting-races in Rome and won 8s. 6d. on the day, he continues:

I wonder what will happen with reference to jumping in the New Year? What are your views



Lt.-Col. John Profumo, M.P.

The Conservative M.P. for Kettering, serving on Gen. Alexander's staff in Italy, recently flew back here to speak in Debate on demobilisation, putting forward the views of men serving overseas. His speech made a deep impression on the House



A Flying Visit to H.M.S. Nightjar

Arriving at the R.N. Air Station in Lancashire, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham was met by the C.O., Capt. J. B. Heath, R.N., who introduced him to Pay/Cdr. H. T. Isaac, O.B.E., R.N. On the right is Capt. G. Thistleton-Smith

of this season? From what I hear and read, I feel the three-year-olds must be moderate, though perhaps Rockefeller might be an exception and the two-year-olds a goodish crop. I can't fancy Dante for the classics simply on his breeding, as I loathe Nearco's, though I see Hunsingore won the Cambridge. I would put forward Court Martial as a likely Two Thousand winner, and suggest High Peak for the Derby and Leger, and Sun Stream as the probable best of the fillies. I hope I may be back to see some of these races, but everything is so problematical that one dare not hope.

The Retort Courteous

IT is good to find that, even when carrying a German slug, our lads are so keenly interested in racing, and this correspondent is only one of many. Now to try to answer some of his questions. I do not think that the 1944 three-year-olds are as moderate as "all that": in fact, taking one of them, Ocean Swell, as a fair index, I should say that they were pretty good, not because this colt won that false-run Derby, but because he ran clean away with the 2½-mile Jockey Club Cup, with a real good stayer like
(Concluded on page 276)



Three Snapshots from Leopardstown Races, Dublin

Poole, Dublin

Lt. Montague G. Kavanagh, recovering from a leg injury, was at the races with his wife, the former Penelope Maxwell-Woosnam. He is in the Life Guards

Capt. and Mrs. Thomas Weldon were there: He is Sir Anthony Weldon's brother, and married a daughter of Capt. the Hon. William French, of Boyle, Co. Roscommon

Lt. James Fletcher, R.N.V.R., was with his only sister, Mrs. Philip Lucas. They are the son and daughter of Mr. T. G. Fletcher, of Ardmulchan Castle, Co. Meath



Cambridge University Beats Denham Golf Club by Two Matches

Here is the Cambridge team, who beat Denham by 7-5, and Oxford University by 8-1. Sitting: A. E. Cooper (Trinity Hall), A. W. Shutter (Caius), D. G. A. Leggett (Clare; captain), G. D. Boddington (Trinity), A. A. F. Bryson (Pembroke). Standing: P. D. A. Mumby (Christ's), B. W. Peckett (Clare), K. P. Matthews (Clare)



D. R. Stuart

Denham lost to Cambridge, but won their matches against Oxford. Above are—sitting: R. Egerton Johnson, R. B. Templeton, Turberville Smith (captain of Denham Golf Club), Sir Cecil Carr, Major H. C. H. Stone. Standing: A. J. Miles (professional), J. C. Ackroyd, R. E. Butler, A. H. Butler, C. K. Hogue, J. W. C. Moir, A. R. Shield (secretary)

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Historic three lengths behind him and quite unable to make any impression upon him. Ocean Swell had two bad set-backs, so I learn upon the best possible authority—one in the summer of his two-year-old career, when he went all to pieces and had to be thrown out of work, and another during last winter, when again he did very badly. They think that he has plenty of speed—in fact, they know he must have, for last October, in the 6-furlong Alington Plate at Newmarket, when only half-fit, he beat Golden Cloud, who is about as fast a three-year-old as has been seen out this season. Next, Tehran: he won the Leger, run at a cracking pace, and the distance, be it marked, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 150 (not 132) yards, and he had Borealis and Ocean Swell close up. Abbots Fell: if he had been engaged, might well have been right in the midst of this party. Rockefeller: I have always known to be good, but he

was never right till the back-end, when he knocked out all and sundry—not a very formidable opposition—but still! Then Hycilla: I am still convinced that she would have won the Leger if she had not beaten herself. I am sure that she can get much farther than the Oaks and Champion distances. As to the two-year-olds, personally, I think that Dante is bound to win the Guineas, and I am almost equally certain that Court Martial will follow him home. I agree with my young friend that Nearco has yet to prove that he can beget a stayer. Nasrullah was not one, and, likewise, was not honest. I do not propose to say that Dante can win the Derby. I hope he can, for his owner's sake, but there is no evidence at present before the court. Then Court Martial: on the Bruce Lowe figures he is of the No. 1 family and his sire a No. 9, and he ought not to get more than the distance of the Guineas; but again we have no positive evidence—yet. High Peak: I hope for Lady Derby's sake that my friend is right, but I wonder if the form is quite stout enough. Chamossaire beat him a head in the 6-furlong Mepal Stakes on Leger Day. The winner had a previous success over this very course, but he beat nothing. In the Coventry Stakes (5 furlongs) High Peak finished six lengths behind Dante, Fordham intervening. It was no race. On June 6th, at Newmarket, High Peak won a 5-furlong race without discomfort, but there was nothing of much eminence behind him. However, I hope my correspondent may be right.

The Fillies

As to the fillies, I agree emphatically with my correspondent about Sun Stream, but quite a lot of other people believe that if Isle of Capri is really substantially better than her stable companion Neola (another Nearco) she is bound to win the One Thousand. Possibly; but that may be as far as it will go. I believe that Sun Stream will win the Oaks, and there is no reason why she should not collect the last of the classics. At the moment I do not feel courageous enough to go any farther than this! I hope the wound mends up quickly and that my young friend and a lot of the chaps will be home to see the fun next season.



D. R. Stuart

Oxford University Golfers

Oxford had beaten an R.A.F. side before losing to Denham and Cambridge. Sitting: J. M. Connell (Christ Church; secretary), J. D. Fraser (Magdalen). Standing: J. Hepburn (Balliol), T. Russell (St. Edmund Hall), P. Hodgkins (Wadham), P. Hutton (St. Edmund Hall)

A Great Harrovian

ALTHOUGH Elstree can claim to have first laid the foundations of Archie Maclaren's great cricketing career, Harrow put on the polish, and I should think that he may be a solitary example of a boy who walked straight out of his school team into a County side, for he was still at Harrow when he was selected to play for Lancashire and scored that wonderful 108 against Sussex. Unfortunately, I never saw him in that first year when he played for Harrow in 1887, because I had gone to India the year before, but I did come across him when he came out to that land in the cold weather of 1904-5 to play cricket with "Ranji." These cricketing peregrinations of celebrities to India were extremely pleasant, but I always had the conviction at the back of my mind that tigers were really the attraction, and "Ranji" was a great specialist in that particular realm of sport. Archie Maclaren was likewise a good small-game shot. My cricketing expert says that his greatest talent was his almost uncanny knowledge of how to suit the ammunition to the target, and that he frequently would take off a bowler who was getting wickets and put someone else on when a batsman came in, whom he knew was more likely to fall a victim to the change.



A September Wedding in India

Col. A. G. I. A. Goddard, O.B.E., 15th Punjab Regiment, and Mrs. G. A. Murphy, widow of Mr. J. J. C. Murphy, I.C.S., were married at St. Paul's Church, Ambala. Major H. S. Prowse, best man, is seen behind, and on the right is Hon. Lt. and Subahdar Mahsud Gul Khan, Sardar Bahadur, O.B.I., who has thirty-two years' service



Drivers Quinney, Elliot, Bolingbrook and Maulhouse are seen here loading their canteens with provisions for workers at the Docks

The Women's Legion in the London Docks

Refreshments at the Quay-Side Provided by Mobile Canteens

● The operation of mobile canteens in the London Docks is one of the many activities of the Women's Legion, of which Lady Londonderry is the President and founder. This work was undertaken at the request of the Ministry of Food at the time of the London blitz of 1940, and has continued ever since, seven days a week, without a break. Thirty mobile canteens are now being operated, some given by individual donors, but the greater number were donated through the British War Relief Society of America



Acting director of the Women's Legion is Lady Ritchie, preparing sandwiches, of which some 6000 are provided daily in the mobile canteens



Viscountess Templetown, comfortably clothed in slacks, prepares for the day's work



The job of Section/Ldr. M. R. Wilcox and Company/Cdr. Earle is checking orders for the day



The day's takings are mostly in coppers. Assistant Section/Ldr. Stafford-Northcote counts them



Section/Ldr. M. Knowles has a way with the sandwiches, balancing two dozen with enviable ease

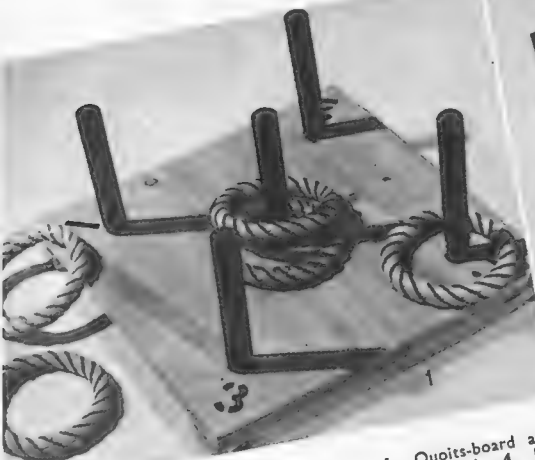


Cutting rolls in half is another job that takes time, and is dealt with by Section/Ldr. Rogers

Christmas Presents for Hearth

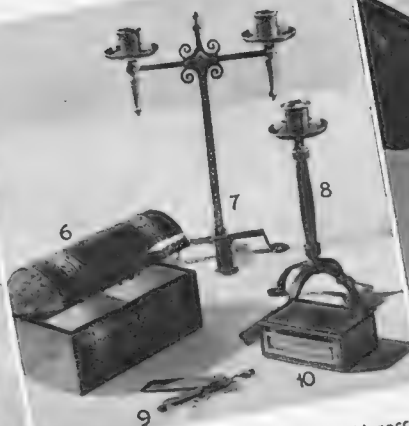


"Fascinator," trimmed with sequins, £2 11s. 8d. (Simpson's)



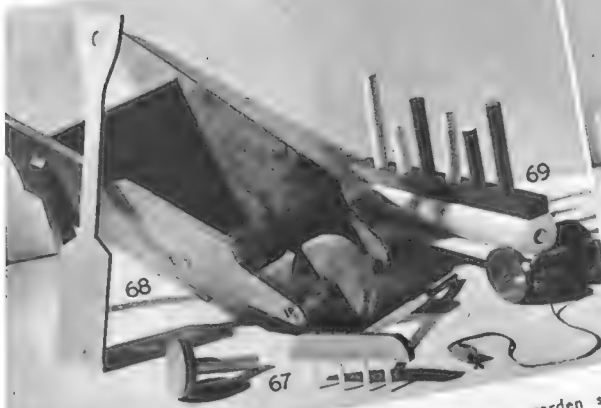
For Men

1. Quilts-board and quilts, £1 11s. 6d. (Selfridge's). 2. Cigarette casket, £2 5s. 6d. (Simpson's). 3. Morocco wallet, £1 11s. 10d. (Woolland's). 4. Leather cigarette case, 3s. 6d. (Woolland's). 5. Glass ash-trays, several sizes, from 9s. 9d. to 25s. (Simpson's). 6. Inlaid walnut dome cigarette box, £8 15s. 0d. (Fortnum's). 7 and 8. Antique "armour bright" candlesticks, 22s. 6d. double, 15s. 0d. single (Harrod's). 9. Cor kscrow and bottle opener, in leather case, 5s. 2d. (Woolland's). 10. Large hide match-box, 17s. 3d. (Woolland's). 11. Fleece-lined waterproof bicycle-muffs, 6s. 6d., coupon-free (Selfridge's). 12. Bicycle-baskets, all prices from 12s. 6d. (Selfridge's).



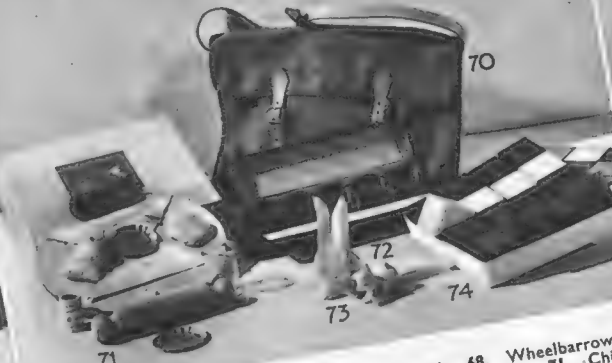
For Women

29. Patent-leather handbag, £15 6s. 0d. (Finnigan's). 30. Handbag, trimmed saddle stitching, £11 13s. 8d. (Simpson's). 31. Evening bag, £8 11s. 3d. (Debenham's). 32. Silk scarf, £3 7s. 6d. (Elizabeth Arden). 33 and 34. Felt flower ear-rings, 9s. 6d. and necklace, 7s. 6d. (Harvey Nichol's). 35. Gilt powder-case, engraved to order, 91s. (Elizabeth Arden). 36. Morocco flapjack, 57s. 6d. (Finnigan's). 37. Folding powder-case, 16s. 3d. (Harvey Nichol's). 38. Necklaces, 29s. 6d. to 39s. 6d. (Harvey Nichol's). 39. Flapjack, 32s. 6d. (Finnigan's). 40. Flapjack, 39s. 6d. (Harvey Nichol's). 41. Lapel ornaments, 3s. 11d. each (Harvey Nichol's). 42 and 43. Identity bracelets, 9 ct., £6 19s. 6d. and £6 6s. 0d. (Fortnum's). 44. Painted bed-table, folding legs, £3 5s. 9d. (Woolland's). 45. Pin and needle cases, 15s. 9d. (Elizabeth Arden). 46, 47 and 48. Potpourri : sachets, 8s. 9d. each ; cellophane carton, 21s., wooden bowl, 59s. 6d. (Marshall's). 49. Lamp, chintz shade, 5 gns. (Gorrings).



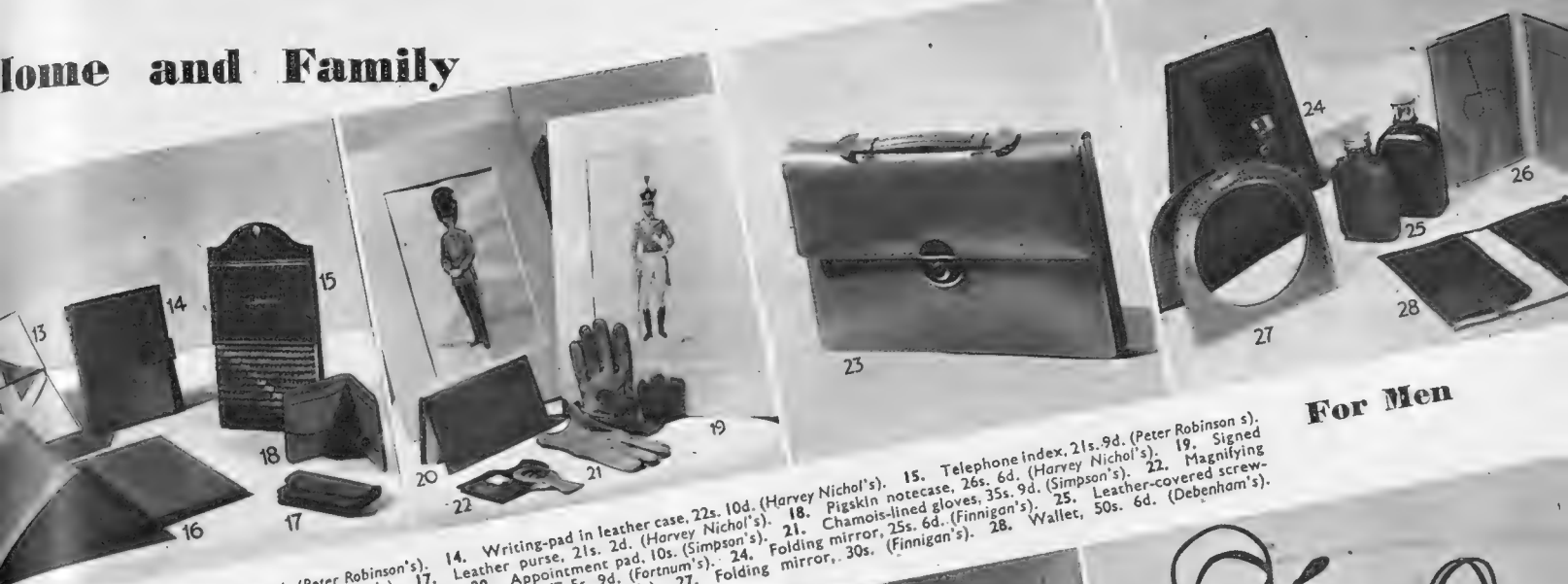
For Children

67. Child's garden set, rake, spade and sand pater, 19s. 3d. (Harrod's). 68. Wheelbarrow, 15s. (Harrod's). 69. Toddler's gaily-coloured wooden toy, 19s. 3d. (Harrod's). 70. School satchel, 12s. 5d. (Woolland's). 71. Child's pastry-maker, 4s. 11d. and 8s. 5d. (Harrod's). 72. Water-colour set, the modern child's paint-box, 5s. 9d. (Peter Robinson's). 73. Luminous china animals, 17s. 11d. (Selfridge's). 74. Coloured bricks, 11s. 7d. (Harrod's). 75. Brunette doll, 15s. (Selfridge's). 76. Teddy bear, 17s. 11d. (Debenham and Freebody). 77. Blonde doll, 14s. 8d. (Peter Robinson's). 78. American-cloth elephant, 8s. (Debenham and Freebody). 79. Velvet rabbit with shopping basket, £1 2s. 6d. (Debenham and Freebody). 80. Three white washable lambs, 7s. 9d., 9s. 9d., 12s. 11d. (Debenham and Freebody).



Nearly a Hundre

Home and Family



13. Hand-made notepad, 18s. 6d. (Peter Robinson's). 14. Writing-pad in leather case, 22s. 10d. (Harvey Nichol's). 15. Telephone index, 21s. 9d. (Peter Robinson's). 16. Leather blotter, 11s. 9d. (Peter Robinson's). 17. Leather purse, 21s. 2d. (Harvey Nichol's). 18. Pigskin notecase, 26s. 6d. (Harvey Nichol's). 19. Signed water-colours of regimental uniforms, 3 gns. (Fortnum's). 20. Appointment pad, 10s. (Simpson's). 21. Chamolite-lined gloves, 35s. 9d. (Simpson's). 22. Magnifying mirrors, 15s. 4d. to 35s. 1d. (Simpson's). 23. Hide dispatch-case, £7 5s. 9d. (Fortnum's). 24. Folding mirror, 25s. 6d. (Finnigan's). 25. Leather-covered screw-top flask, 15s. and 22s. 6d. (Harrod's). 26. Pigskin wallet, 47s. 8d. (Debenham's). 27. Folding mirror, 30s. (Finnigan's). 28. Wallet, 50s. 6d. (Debenham's).

For Men



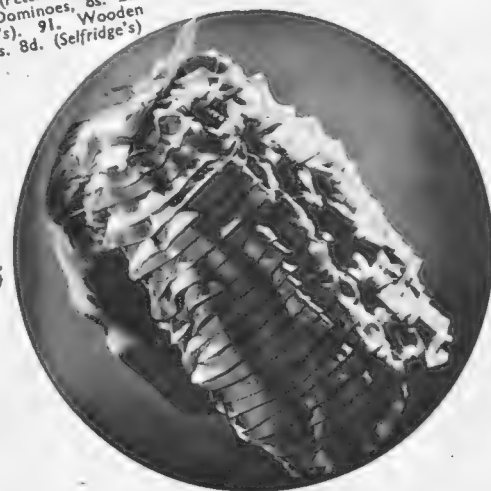
50. Check sponge-bag, 8s. 6d. (Woolland's). 51. Luxury beauty-box, £6 9s. 3d. (Elizabeth Arden). 52. Service beauty-box, 18s. 5d. (Elizabeth Arden). 53. American-cloth sponge-bag, £1 7s. 6d. (Fortnum's). 54. Coty's Perfumed Bath Oil, 21s. 55. Dusting Powder and Puff, £1 0s. 9d. (Elizabeth Arden). 56. Gaily-coloured sponge-bags, 15s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. (Fortnum's). 57. Perfumed sachets, 4s. 9d. each (Coty). 58. Brocade cushions, from 91 guineas (Debenham's). 59. Baroque (reproduction) lamp and fluted shade, £3 7s. 0d. (Fortnum's). 60. Black felt bag, £3 5s. 6d. (Debenham's). 61. Skin bag, £3 6s. 3d. (Woolland's). 62. Coloured cashmere gloves, 11s. 11d. (Fortnum's). 63. Snake and calf flapjack, £1 5s. 0d. (Finnigan's). 64. Black mitts, lined scarlet, £3 16s. 6d. (Fortnum's). 65 and 66. Flapjacks, 47s. 6d. and 32s. 6d. (Finnigan's).

For Women



81. Gaily-figured Allied Nations scarf for children of all ages, £1 0s. 3d. (Jay's). 82. White lawn cut cord initial handkerchiefs, four for 13s. 4d. (Harvey Nichol's). 83. Bunny-rabbit hankies, four for 5s. 10d. (Harvey Nichol's). 84. Plain initial handkerchiefs, four for 4s. 6d. (Gorringe's). 85. Ludo, 4s. 2d. (Peter Robinson's). 86. Wheelbarrow for older children, £1 2s. 0d. (Peter Robinson's). 87. Tommy-gun, 11s. 3d. (Peter Robinson's). 88. Skipping-rope, coloured handles, 3s. 11d. (Peter Robinson's). 89. Dominoes, 8s. 2d. (Selfridge's). 90. Humpty tumblers in gay colours and in all sizes, 9s. 5d., 14s. 1d. and 18s. 10d. (Selfridge's). 91. Wooden engine, 11s. 11d. (Selfridge's). 92. Pocket "peg-in" chess set, 16s. 6d. (Selfridge's). 93. "Lotto," or "House," 6s. 8d. (Selfridge's).

For Children



Ribbon snood in all colours, £2 12s. 8d. (Simpson's of Piccadilly)

Different Things to Choose From

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Only Young Once

THE SHRIMP AND THE ANEMONE" (Putnam; 8s. 6d.), a novel by L. P. Hartley, begins with two children playing on the sands. They are brother and sister: Eustace is nine, Hilda will soon be thirteen. Their play, like all proper children's, has been serious and has followed an accepted routine—they have been constructing a pond between the rocks, damming it at each end with stout banks of sand, digging, to fill and feed it, channels to the natural pools left by the tide at the base of the sea-wall. They will shortly go in to midday dinner. At home wait their excellent Aunt Sarah, who has looked after them since their mother's death; their infant sister, Barbara, and their nurse, Minney: their father will return from work in the evening. Anchorstone, where they live, is on the East Anglian coast—it is small, friendly, bracing, pleasantly residential. The time is one of the early, untroubled summers of this century.

The scene, and the sequence of actions it sets going, could, had Mr. Hartley designed to leave them so, have been comfortably nostalgic, lyrically prosaic, no more. Lately, and especially since the war, our novelists have at once led and sponsored a retreat to the nursery. We like—for reasons, surely, self-evident—to hear and think about children, their artless ways, their miniature hopes and fears, their complete unconsciousness of their complete security. Vicariously, we are lulled by the flicker of firelight on the kind, dusky ceiling, the rain on the window, the evenly-ticking clock. Ideally, these children on whom we dwell, with whom we locate our own dire need for timelessness and safety and reassurance, are set back several decades in time.

Thus, at the very mention of spades and buckets (though actually Eustace and Hilda were not at work with buckets), many readers' spirits will go up. In fairness to such readers, I must make clear that *The Shrimp and the Anemone* is far from being one more of these "delicious" reconstructions of childhood. The childishness (in years) of Eustace and Hilda is, in each case, not more than a veil hung over a temperament in which age is not a factor and plays no part. The brother and sister are, it is true, young; and will, like the rest of us, only be young once. But the point of the novel is not that they are young, but that they are *themselves*, and that the implications of Eustace's being Eustace and Hilda's being Hilda are already heavy upon the two. Most of all do they feel—as must the reader, directed by Mr. Hartley's art—the strain of the interaction between their temperaments.

In the Pool

OF this, we are given on the first page what is to be the lasting symbol,

or image. Eustace, having wandered away from Hilda, who calls in vain, stands bent, in horrified fascination, over a drama going on in a rock pool:

He could . . . see the anemone. Its base was fastened to a boulder, just above the water-line. From the middle of the other end, which was below, something stuck out, quivering. It was a shrimp, Eustace decided, and the anemone was eating it, sucking it in. A tumult arose in Eustace's breast. His heart bled for the shrimp, he longed to rescue it; but, on the other hand, how could he bear to rob the anemone of its dinner? The anemone was more beautiful than the shrimp, more interesting and much rarer. It was a "plumose" anemone; he recognised it from the picture in his Natural History, and the lovely, feathery epithet stroked the fringes of his mind like a caress. If he took the shrimp away, the anemone might never catch another, and die of hunger. But while he debated the unswallowed part of the shrimp grew perceptibly smaller.

It is Hilda—that beautiful, intimidating, awkward, passionate, bossy, guileful, high-principled and totally uncompromising little girl—who is the anemone to Eustace's shrimp. Seldom, I think, has literature given us such a study of (literally) devouring love. The encirclement of her brother—his will, his actions, his purposes, his desires—is Hilda's unique aim. To gain this, she stoops to everything, stops at nothing: we see her apt at all the devices of



K. W. Smith

Thanks for the Loan of a House

The Hon. Mrs. Bathurst (left), who lent her house, Queensmead, Windsor, to be used as a resthouse for Civil Defence workers, was personally thanked by Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Home Security. There are some twelve of these resthouses in the country, of which Queensmead was one of the first, and about 15,000 overstrained and "near-sick" workers have received treatment in them

the most odious little bully, telltale or prig. At the same time, Eustace is not for a moment wrong in considering Hilda a noble character—

"the anemone," in fact, "was more beautiful than the shrimp." She is poles apart from the petty "possessive" woman—with regard to herself she is heedless, off-hand, austere. She is a figure on the great tragic scale (such as our Elizabethans knew how to render), little more than disguised as a girl-child with floppy hair, uncertain manners, a slouch and holes in her stockings.

Conscience

AND Eustace? His inner drama provides at once the thread and core of the book—for we see Hilda from the outside only; but Eustace all the time from within. Conscience, inexorably fed by imagination, makes Eustace at once its own and his sister's prey. But if conscience torments and inhibits Eustace, it also magnifies him, as passion magnifies Hilda. His sensibilities are rooted in, but also enhanced by, his sense of guilt—which enters into his attractions to Nancy Steptoe, the pretty, spoilt little neighbour upon whom Hilda declares war, and his dread-shadowed affection for Miss Fothergill, the disfigured old lady upon whom Hilda thrusts him.

I must not give the impression that *The Shrimp and the Anemone*, as a novel, submerges itself and its reader in deep waters. The spade-and-seashore promise of the first chapter is, at least in one sense, fulfilled—we have a picnic on the downs, with tobogganing down the grass slopes in

(Concluded on page 282)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

THE Personal Column in our local "rag" always contains By Richard King

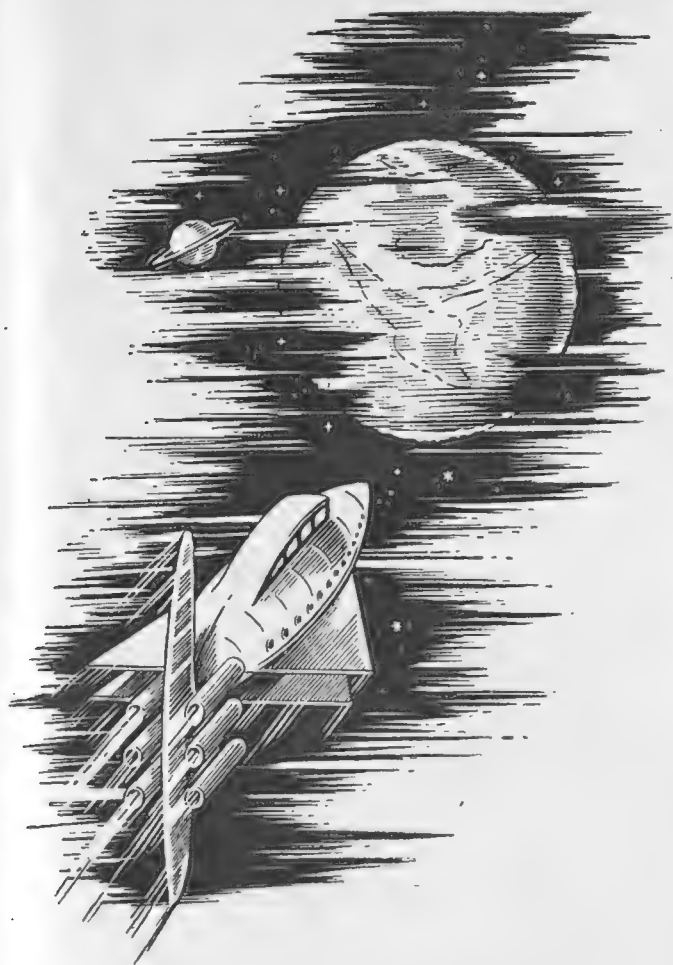
several advertisements from agencies willing to arrange marriages and friendships for a stated fee. So there must be a large number of prospective clients sitting about waiting for bliss. Nevertheless, in this strange world these people always appear to me as being among the most strange. All the same, I would dearly love to be a witness of their bought and paid-for Love and Friendship. Not, of course, while the initial transaction was going on, but afterwards—when the new lovers and the newly-acquired bosom friends were left alone at last—all fees paid and the performance about to start.

What is the first approach, I wonder. Do the lovers fall into each other's arms and do the bosom friends take each other out to tea? Do they relate to one another the full story of their lives? Or do they merely suggest a cocktail? Personally, I should be completely tongue-tied. I could never gaze deeply into my loved one's eyes without wondering whether, by the look of her, she appeared to be worth a guinea! And if, after a second quiz, I decided that she wasn't—do I ask the agency for a character, or, failing that, get my money back? One knows where one is with a cook, but what is one to do with a wife or a bosom friend whose heart is vacant, and you, yourself, have paid to fill it! And if, on the principle of trying anything once, one realises that the rendezvous has been a flop, how does one get out of it gracefully?

Perhaps these same clients are living everywhere around me. Certainly every possible public seat is occupied by what I can only describe as a complete frowsty fraternity. Nevertheless, even those who

look as if they wanted washing rather than loving, may suffer from a secret gnaw. Well, I can only hope that many of them will soon be satisfied—and then I shall be able to sit down myself. At present I have, alas! to keep on walking; for this is a town wherein the great majority consist of elderly people who are bad on their feet. Love and a bosom friend, however, might lend them wings. I sincerely hope it may—because to feel lonely too deeply and too long robs death of its sting and inclines women to wear forlorn hats.

Nevertheless, I don't believe I could ever seek an agency to rob me of my desolating woe. For one thing, I am perfectly certain I should obtain a frump. And for another thing, I have got so used in this life for interesting-looking people to travel in the next compartment, to friends who, with their probable "bosoms," are bound on the morrow for the Antipodes, and to the one vacant seat by my side being occupied by something fat and wheezy, that you could knock me down with a feather if Fate brought me face to face with an alter ego, and, blessing us both, told us to get on with it. Maybe my heart is a bit too thin-skinned. Maybe it repudiates too often the second-best and demands the all-in-all—which in the long run usually becomes the not-at-all. In any case, whatever the foolish organ urges, it never urges me to write to an address in Huddersfield. I sometimes wish it might. In this life, over-sensitiveness and too much sensibility get nobody anywhere—except upstairs in search of a dry pocket-handkerchief. So, maybe, my silly heart is like that. Of small advantage to myself, but of inestimable advantage to the laundry!



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ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 266)

home in Surrey, looking around the children's department for presents for her young family, Caroline Villiers, who is now ten years old, and the daughter of her first marriage to the Earl of Jersey, and James and Sarah Wilson, who are much younger; Lady Marling, the attractive wife of Sir John Marling, also shopping; the Countess of Brecknock, in A.T.S. uniform, successfully hailing a taxi; Lord Rupert Nevill, who is in the Life Guards, walking in the autumn sunshine; tall John Warrender, Lord and Lady Bruntisfield's eldest son, who is in the Greys, another strolling along; and Lt.-Col. "Taffy" Walwyn and his tall wife, shopping in Bond Street.



Jones, Godalming

Wedding in Surrey

Lt. Richard M. Tuckwell, R.N.R., only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. Surtees Tuckwell, of Twickenham, and Miss Joan Hollowell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hollowell, of East Horsley, were married at All Saints' Church, Witley

Family Prowess

COL. WALWYN fought in both the South African War and the first European War, being mentioned many times in despatches, and was awarded the Queen's medal with two clasps, the D.S.O. and the M.C. After the last war he became well known in the show ring; for many years he was a successful competitor at Olympia Horse Show, and often competed for the King George V. Cup, which was open to serving officers of all nations. Col. Walwyn's nephew, Fulke Walwyn, who in peacetime is a successful trainer, but joined the Army at the outbreak of war, has inherited the family prowess on a horse, and won the Grand National on Major Furlong's Reynoldstown. This horse had won the National the previous year, with the late Frank Furlong in the saddle. Frank Furlong was originally in the 9th Lancers; he transferred to the Fleet Air Arm, and was killed flying on active service recently. He had a host of friends, and will be greatly missed in the steeplechasing world after the war. Mrs. Richard Marsh and her younger daughter, Mrs. Peter Gold, lunched together at a Clarges Street restaurant. Her husband, the late Richard Marsh, was for many years the Royal trainer, and scored many notable successes for King Edward VII. Their son, Marcus, who trained Windsor Lad when he won the Derby, is now a prisoner of war in Germany.

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava came in to the May Fair hatless; she and the Marquess made this their headquarters during a recent visit to London. Lady Dufferin is very much missed by her many friends over here, as she now spends most of her time at her lovely home in Ireland, where she organises many things to help the war effort. The Duchess of Sutherland, in a lovely mink coat and a pale-blue velvet skull-cap, was walking across to the Ritz with her sister, Mrs. Emmanuel.



Lincolnshire Wedding

Lt.-Col. Geoffrey M. Leach, R.E., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Leach, of Tunbridge Wells, married Miss Betty Best at St. Peter's Church, Cleethorpes. The bride is the only child of Dr. and Mrs. Victor Best, of Cleethorpes, Lincs.

Errata

MAJOR-GEN. R. N. GALE, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., and Brigadier E. W. C. Flavell, D.S.O., M.C., photographed together (page 195, November 15th), after an Investiture at the Palace at which they both received the D.S.O., were not with the British First Airborne Division at Arnhem, as we were led to suppose. The General won his D.S.O. while commanding a British Airborne Division in Normandy; the Brigadier while with our Airborne Forces in the Middle East. We are sorry for this mistake.

Our caption to the picture taken at the christening of Alastair Grenfell Stewart (page 200, November 15th), described his father, Capt. Michael Stewart, Welsh Guards, as D.S.O., M.C. These decorations belonged to Capt. Stewart's father, the late Lt.-Colonel W. R. Stewart. Our apologies for the confusion.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 280)

the dusk; a dancing class; a paper-chase; a drive in a barouche to visit a church, with tea afterwards in an inn garden. We have lightly, but truly-drawn, subsidiary characters—Eustace's aunt and father, the siren Nancy, Mr. Craddock, the cab-driver; Dick Staveley, the nonchalant Harrow schoolboy, Miss Fothergill and, in her own way, Minney are of more complex build and are on a closer plane.

Yes, the scene is so pleasing and orderly, the family dialogue often so vivacious, that Mr. Hartley seems to have pitched his drama, so far from comic, in the surround of comedy. This has made, in the long run, for greater force. To indicate depths without plumbing them denotes one kind of genius in writing. The content of this novel could have been expanded into half-a-dozen volumes of close analysis: as it stands, Mr. Hartley allows himself almost none. Few novels of our day have been so well worth reading as *The Shrimp and the Anemone*; and of these still fewer have been so easy to read.

"One Touch of Nature . . ."

ALSO THE HILLS, by Frances Parkington Keyes (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), is the most recent work of the popular American novelist—and the first of hers, I admit, that I have read. Though the subject is exceedingly up to date—the American scene after America's entry into this war—the manner is, in some ways, that of fifty or sixty years ago. I do not mean this to be read as depreciation, for the Victorians certainly were spell-binders. They dealt in large canvases, large casts, long conversations, violent emotions and highly-ingenuous plots; they fairly rushed the reader around. And all this is done, by Mrs. Parkington Keyes. She has one more Victorian characteristic: she seems to me oddly insensitive, if not actually callous. The Victorians shrank from nothing (except, of course, sex); they described, with steamroller thoroughness, scenes we find too painful to contemplate—lovely children's death-beds, men's ruined honour, women's broken hopes. In the same way, this authoress spares us nothing: we are given the downfall and disgrace of Jenness Farman, led by love and vanity into betraying her country, as witnessed by her decent New England parents, whose pride and joy she has been. Over the protracted agonies of the Washington trial, with Mr. and Mrs. Farman on the spectators' benches, some of us might think it better, to draw a veil. But Mrs. Parkington Keyes's morality is remorseless—it seems to date right back to *The Fairchild Family*.

The story opens at Farman Hill—a New England homestead of virgin antiquity: there have always been Farmans at Farman Hill. The Pearl Harbour news is received just when the other daughter, Judith, is trying to make up her mind whether, and if so, when, to marry her local suitor, Dexter Abbott. The Farmans' son, Jerome, already in the Forces, telephones from the south that he has married a Louisiana girl. Jenness returns from Washington for Christmas, to display a sinister number of fine clothes, to grumble because there is a war on and to demand the installation of heating and an upstairs bathroom at Farman Hill. (From then on, we sense that Jenness has gone to the bad.) When the Jenness trouble boils up, Mr. and Mrs. Farman travel to Washington, having arranged that Judith, left behind, should simplify matters by marrying Dexter Abbott. For refusing to do this, because she prefers to become an Army nurse, Judith is (I thought, unfairly) decried by all. Dexter retreats into himself (he is lame, so cannot go to the war) and remains in that state till he falls sublimely in love with Alix, Jerome's Creole bride, who comes north to be a ray of sunshine and have a baby at Farman Hill after Jerome has been ordered abroad. I detested Alix, but in that I differ not only with Mrs. Parkington Keyes, but with all the other characters in the book—except Judith, who is punished for her unkindness and her careerism by having her appearance permanently ruined by a bomb. . . . None the less, *Also the Hills*, completed by some strong Nazi intrigue interest, is an absorbing novel.

Shells

LET me bring to your notice a book so beautiful that, quite apart from "what it says inside," you cannot stop picking it up and looking at it. This is *Shells and How They Live*, by Eileen Mayo, published by Pleiades Books, Ltd., at 6s. On the cover appears an exquisite coloured shell; more of these adorn the rippled blue endpapers, wreath the margins of pages and intersect the columns of print. There are black-and-white drawings too. Decoration, kept at this high level, has been, however, confined to the format: Miss Mayo's writing is plain, clear and informative. And how fascinating is what she has to tell! Most of the shells we pick up along the beaches are empty houses; few of us know much of their inhabitants' life. Here we have the different molluscs' story, from the egg on; bivalves and univalves equally hold our interest. Did you know that "Scallops and Limas flit through the water by snapping their shells together, and Cockles jump by bending and straightening their long foot. . . . The long razors, with their strong foot and streamlined shells, plunge downward through six feet of sand almost as though they were diving through it"?

Fougasse

OTHER Fougasse-lovers will share my pleasure at the appearance of a new collection of his drawings under the title *Family Group* (Methuen; 6s.). His beaked and polled ladies are as alert as ever, and his admonitory citizens as emphatic. We have some more of the "Changing Face" series; we go further with the vicissitudes of our local Warden—and there are queues, movies, Underground trains. Where any cream of fun can be skimmed off our present trials, you can always rely upon Fougasse.

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Stories from Everywhere

A BARRISTER felt that he had received a "call" to the Church, and trained for and subsequently entered the ministry.

In due course he was appointed to a church and meeting one of his parishioners one day, was questioned about his past experiences. When the minister told him he was once a barrister-at-law, with an income of three thousand a year, the man asked: "An' what do you get here?"

"Three hundred pounds," was the reply.

"Ay, I thocht so," concluded the other. "Ony thing raither than work!"

THE lane was dark and almost deserted. Jones was suddenly accosted by two men, the larger of whom stopped him, and said politely: "Excuse me, sir—I wonder if you could oblige me with the loan of a penny, or some similar coin?"

"Why—er—yes, I think so," Jones replied, feeling in his pockets, producing a penny and handing it over. "But do you mind telling me for what purpose you require it?"

"Well, sir," the fellow replied, "my mate and I wish to toss the coin to settle our little argument as to who shall have your watch and who your wallet."

A CANDIDATE for county sheriff was soliciting votes in a small town in Oklahoma. After giving an attentive negro a fervent campaign speech, he asked for his support.

"Well, Mister, I tell you, you are my second choice," replied the negro.

The would-be sheriff pondered a moment. Then, concluding that he could easily eliminate the negro's first choice by maligning the man, he asked cheerfully: "And who's your first choice?"

"Well, sir, just anybody."

HE arrived home very late indeed, but as he had won a prize in a raffle he felt that perhaps he might be forgiven this once.

He went quietly into the bedroom and handed her the oil-lamp he had won.

She was not impressed.

"Yes," she remarked with venom, "it's just like you. It looks all right, but it wants a lot of looking after; it's unsteady on its legs; when it's half oiled it's inclined to explode; it flares up; it's out at bedtime and it smokes too much."

TWO hens were sitting on their nests. One turned to the other.

"You seem to be busy these days, my dear."

The other looked up and said: "So I should think! The Ministry of Food returned all my last batch of eggs to be regraded!"

HE was going home on Christmas Eve with a turkey he had won in a raffle. Of course he had to celebrate his luck, and the way home was very rough. He fell several times, dropping the turkey each time, but picking it up again.

On reaching his home, he steadied himself against the wall, and said to his wife: "I've brought you eleven turkeys."

"Eleven turkeys?" cried his wife, "I can see only one."

"Nonsense!" said the man, "I fell down eleven times, and I swear I picked up a turkey each time."



Anglo-American Engagement

The engagement is shortly to be announced of Miss Beryl Davis of London and Lieut. Vic Mazzars of Birmingham, Alabama. Beryl Davis, who is a well-known radio artiste and singer, is the only English girl wearing the uniform of the U.S. Women's Army Corps. She has been taken "on the strength" by American Army entertainment authorities.

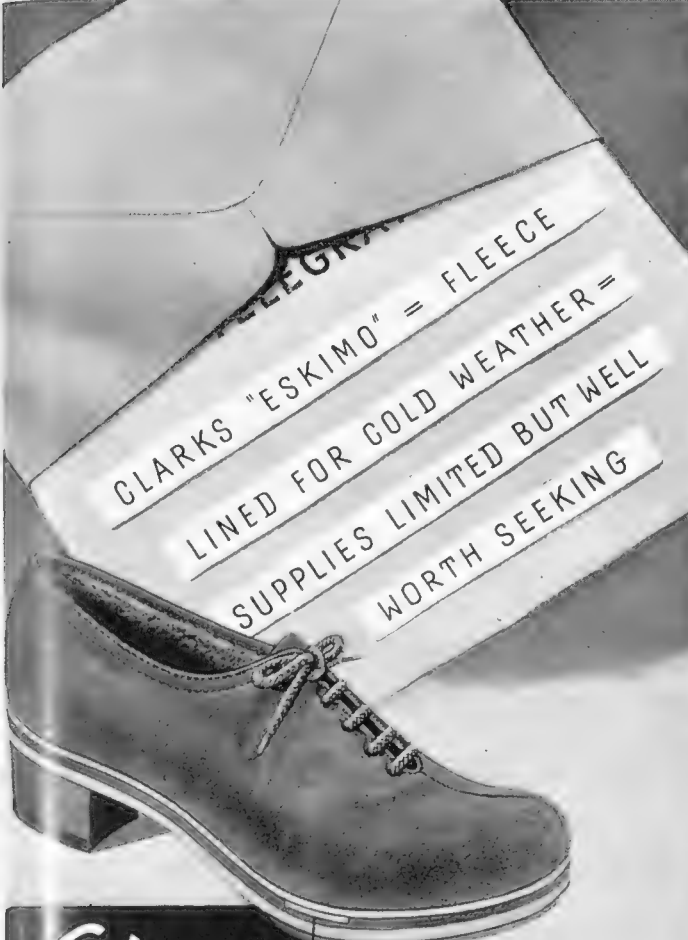
A GIRL bought a ticket in a lottery, and insisted on having ticket number 51. It turned out to be the winning number, and she received three thousand pounds.

A reporter called upon her and asked: "Why did you especially want ticket 51?"

"Well," said the lucky one, "for seven nights I dreamed of number seven, and seven seven are 51, so I bought the ticket!"

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Dear Meg

The war goes well and with luck I hope to come back soon to you for good and all. Speaking selfishly, I do long for the comforts of civilization and look forward to those things that you and I have missed so . . . our mackintoshes ramble in the rain . . . the first crocuses at the end of the lawn . . . my books.

Ah, and speaking of books, I always carry a mental picture of my 'cozy corner' for reading . . . my leather chair, my slippers — and my **TERRY ANGLEPOISE LAMP**. That lamp was made for bookworms like me, and when you get me in that corner with that combination — chair, slippers, book and **ANGLEPOISE** — you'll never get me out of it again.

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By Oliver Stewart

Necromancy

It is a constant source of surprise to me that all our aircraft designers are not arrested and charged under the witchcraft acts. They all of them purport to foretell the future. Indeed, engineers as a body spent their time in prediction. If we can—as we do—arrest people for playing about with butter muslin, we ought to arrest people for playing about with slide rules. It is as much fortune telling to say that an aeroplane will travel at 500 miles an hour at 45,000 feet in 1945 as it is to say that a tall dark stranger will, enter your life in 1945.

Engineers are always dabbling in the future and in aeronautics there have been remarkable advances in the accuracy and scope of the forecasts. In the box-kite and Gnome days the behaviour of a new aircraft (and a fairly large number of old ones) was unknown and unknowable until it was flown. In those days the pilot had to "see what happened." Now the designer knows beforehand what will happen and the pilot has turned into nothing more than a confirmatory agent. The special advantage of this improved accuracy in fortune telling is that it allows larger aircraft to be constructed. If a little machine weighing 800 pounds or so and containing one man failed to do what was hoped when it went into the air, the loss was one little machine and one man. But most people would hesitate before sending into the air a thing with four or six engines and a crew of anything up to a dozen unless they had complete confidence in the designer's powers of prediction. I would regard this fuller and more precise calculation as the main advance in aeronautics. From it all other advances spring.

A Shilling a Ton-Mile

BRISTOL did well in striking out on their own and planning a robust air freighter. It has obvious resemblances to the Bombay—with the same kind of fixed undercarriage—and it is intended to be a genuine worker. I am a believer in freight and mail carrying by air. I would like to see a much greater concentration upon freight and mail problems and less upon passenger problems. I would rather have freight and mail services between the components of the British Commonwealth of Nations than passenger services. Mr. John Smith is not likely ever to want to go to Australia or New Zealand in his life. But he is likely to want to communicate quickly with friends or relatives in Australia or New Zealand and to have some small interchange of goods.

Air passengers are often charlatans of some kind or another. They flock automatically to the quickest and most expensive form of transport. I do not say that we ought not to be grateful to them, for they have helped civil aviation a great deal. But we should not plan our Commonwealth air communications with them in mind; but with the common people in mind. Freight and mail are the things. And the new Bristol freighter—which I gather is to be flying by next summer—is a step in the right direction. It is also an indication that some people in the British aircraft industry have been doing some hard and original thinking.

The Bristol will carry freight at about one shilling per ton-mile. This compares with three or four shillings now. It is about the same as the train rates in the United States. United States companies expect to get down to twenty-five cents per ton-mile soon and they speak of ten cents. Meanwhile, I think that the present and practical shilling per ton-mile is a most attractive rate. The aircraft itself is built to last and to work, which is the kind of thing the commercial operator is interested in. The only thing about the machine that did not entirely please me was that it is being designed and built in the antiquated Anglo-American measures instead of in the scientific and sensible metric system.

Bombs and Battleships

THE sinking of the Tirpitz with 12,000-pound bombs to the designs of Mr. B. N. Wallis (who also invented the dam-busting device) was an achievement which suggested much more than it revealed. It suggested that notable advances had been made in bombing accuracy as well as in bomb penetration and bursting power. That three hits at least (I think four was the final assessment) should have been secured by only twenty-nine aircraft is really remarkable. Those who have ever looked at a battleship from 13,000 feet and who know that it appears like nothing more than a toothpick floating on the ocean, will appreciate that something very drastic and important has happened to the Royal Air Force's bombing technique.

Mr. Wallis, by the way, invented the geodetic system of construction which is used in the longest-lived bombing aircraft of the war, the Vickers-Armstrongs Wellington. The whole operation augurs well for the coming clashes in the Pacific when the war against Japan approaches its decisive stages. So the Tirpitz has served us the purpose of stimulating the development of a bombing technique which must be of the highest value against the Japanese. It may hurt the Japanese more than it has hurt the Germans. But it will also undoubtedly give fresh circulation to the controversies about whether there should be such things as ship-borne striking aircraft when land-based machines have such great range and carrying power. I am not, however, proposing to go into that just yet.



Married in Glasgow

S/Ldr. Thomas Edgar Vitty, M.B.E., R.A.F., younger son of Major and Mrs. Vitty, of Brookmans Park, Herts, and Miss Ruby Anderson Bell Smith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Smith, of Eastbank, Langbank, Renfrewshire, were married at Glasgow Cathedral

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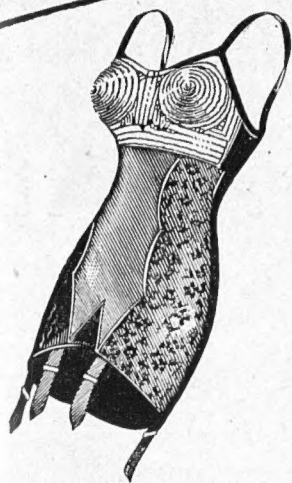
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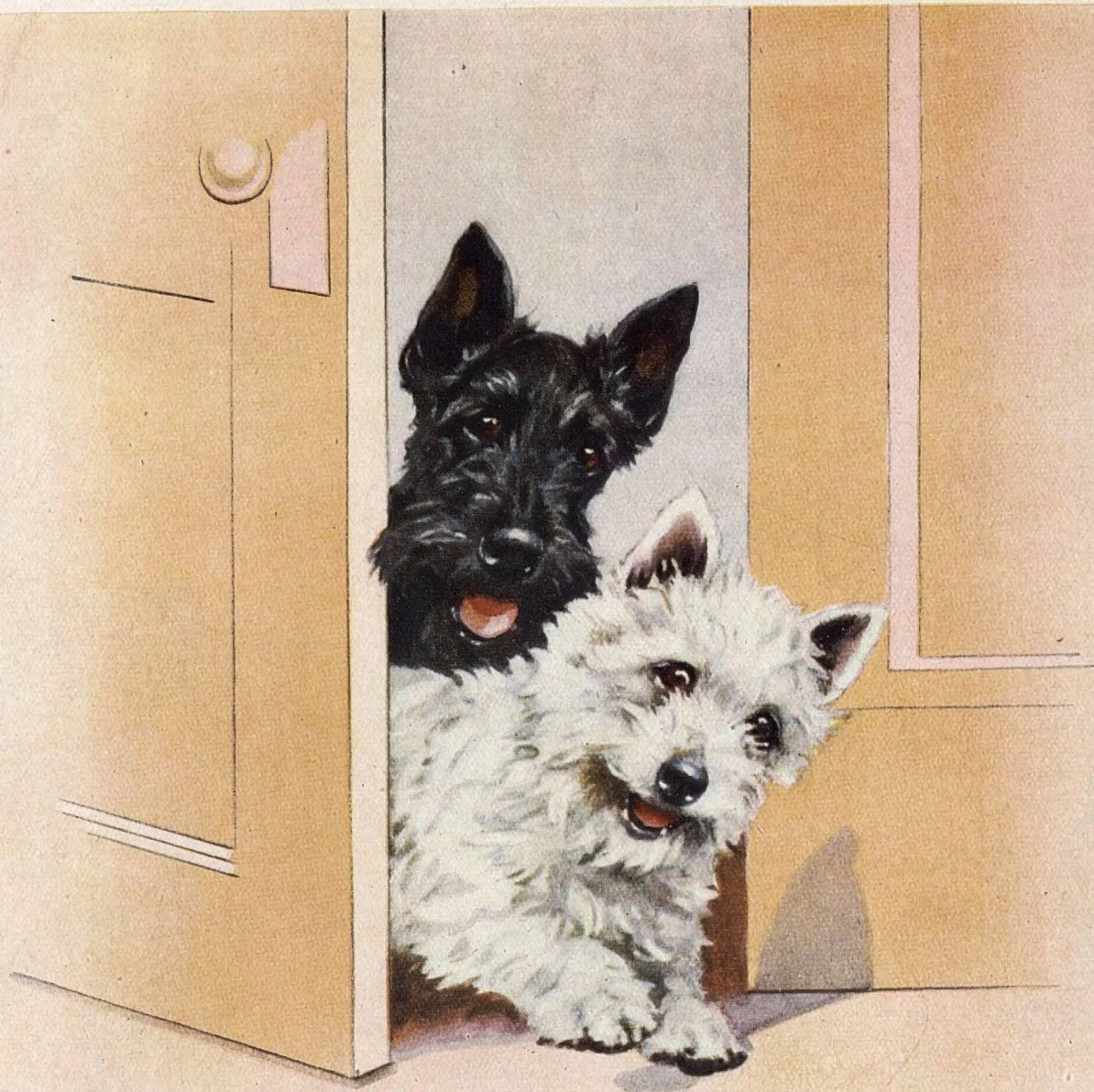
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